My Generall will forget my loue and ſeruice.
Deſ. Doe not doubt that, before *Emilia* here,
I giue thee warrant of thy place? aſſure thee,
If I doe vow a friendſhip, Ile performe it,
To the laſt Article: my Lord ſhall neuer reſt,
Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His bed ſhall ſeeme a ſchoole, his boord a ſhrift,
Ile intermingle euery thing he does,
With *Caſsio's* ſuite; therefore be merry *Caſsio*,
For thy ſoliciter ſhall rather die,
Then giue thy cauſe away.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Gentlemen.*
Em. Madam, here comes my Lord.
Caſ. Madam, ile take my leaue.
Deſ. Nay ſtay, and heare me ſpeake.
Caſ. Madam not now, I am very ill at eaſe,
Vnfit for mine owne purpoſe.
Deſ. Well, doe your diſcretion. *Exit* Caſsio.
Iag. Ha, I like not that.
Oth. What doſt thou ſay?
Iag. Nothing my Lord, or if,—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that *Caſsio* parted from my wife?
Iag. *Caſsio* my Lord?—no ſure, I cannot thinke it,
That he would ſteale away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you comming.
Oth. I doe beleeue twas he.
Deſ. How now my Lord,
I haue been talking with a ſuiter here,
A man that languiſh s in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who i'ſt you meane?
Deſ. Why your Leiutenant *Caſsio*, good my Lord,
If I haue any grace or power to moue you,
His preſent reconciliation take:
For if he be not one that truely loues you,
That erres in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honeſt face,
I prethee call him backe.

Oth.

Oth. Went he hence now?
Deſ. Yes faith, ſo humbled,
That he has left part of his griefes
To ſuffer with him; good Loue call
Ot. Not now ſweet *Deſdemon*, ſo
Deſ. But ſhal't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner ſweet for you.
Deſ. Shal't be to night at ſupper
Oth. No, not to night.
Deſ. To morrow dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home,
I meet the Captaines at the Cittade
Deſ. Why then to morrow nigh
On tueſday morne, or night, or wedn
I prethee name the time, but let it n
Exceed three dayes: Ifaith hee's pen
And yet his treſpaſſe, in our common
(Saue that they ſay, the warres muſt
Out of her beſt) is not almoſt a fault,
To incurre a priuate checke: when
Tell me *Othello*: I wonder in my ſou
What you could aske me, that I ſhou
Or ſtand ſo mam'ring on? What *M*
That came a wooing with you, and
When I haue ſpoke of you diſpraiſin
Hath tane your part, to haue ſo much
To bring him in? Truſt me, I could d
Oth. Prethee no more, let him co
I will deny thee nothing.
Deſ. Why this is not a boone,
Tis as I ſhould intreat you weare you
Or feed on nouriſhing diſhes, or keep
Or ſue to you, to doe a peculiar profi
To your owne perſon: nay, when I h
Wherein I meane to touch your loue
It ſhall be full of poiſe and difficult w
And fearefull to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.